

THE DAILY APPEAL

H. R. Mighels.....Editor.

Thursday Morning, Aug. 27, 1868.

NATIONAL UNION REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.



FOR PRESIDENT,
OF THE UNITED STATES.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
SCHUYLER COLFAX,
OF INDIANA.

CASSERLY'S SPEECH.—Mr. Casserly, in his speech of Wednesday evening, remarked of the Democratic party, "that it had never sought by violence to reverse the judgment of the people." How does this assertion appear through Republican or impartial spectacles? What party in the South fired on Sumter? He also accused the Republicans of coveting the Democratic platform. Theirs, (the Democratic) position was so strong that the Republicans sought to snatch it from them. Perhaps, in this, Mr. Casserly intended to be humorous. He should work this field oftener; it bears evidence of neglect. He made one cautious step on a dangerous shore in stating that he was opposed to the presence of any number of the laborers of inferior races on this soil. He stated it would be the Democratic policy to raise the credit of the country. We trust the Democracy may not forget themselves in this proposed elevation. Lastly he seems to fear that Grant may become possessed of monarchial ideas. He does not deny him the possession of good qualities; he deems that his intentions may be good enough today, but there looms up in Mr. Casserly's imaginative future, a phantom born of Grant's reticence, king in its garb and despot in its disposition.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

There is a comprehensive text and a significant sermon in the foregoing. The deductions need no elaboration, so tersely are they put. Tom Fitch, in his splendid discourse of Tuesday night has given us the key note for something further, however, in reply to Mr. Casserly's assumptions.

Ragene Casserly is one of the wildest sophists of the Seymour school. He is by education a Jesuit and by instinct a wary, subtle cynical casuist. "Like seeks like" and we can expect, in reason, nothing else than that such characters as Casserly and Seymour should exhibit a strong affinity for one another. They each pretended to Unionism in the outset of the war; and as their subsequent course proved, only did so for the purpose of serving and conserving the bad ends of the Copperhead party. As we have intimated, Fitch has helped us to meet Mr. Casserly upon his own grounds, in two particulars. He reminded us that the old Chinese treaty, which was ratified by a Democratic Senate admitted the Chinese to a footing with the people of the "most favored nations"—which meant, if it meant anything, that China-men could be naturalized in the Courts of the United States—just as any other foreigners can be. Reciting some of the terms of the new treaty which has just been negotiated with Mr. Burlingame, he brought our attention to the fact that under the revised terms, Chinamen were explicitly excluded from naturalization. He might have gone farther and reminded his auditors of the fact that the treaty as presented to the Senate as it came from the hands of Seward and Burlingame denied the right to any American citizen to import Coolies; and that through the sagacity of the Pacific delegation in the Senate, it was so amended as to prevent the big Chinese firms in San Francisco from importing them. In other words, the Republican, "Radical," "Rump" Senate have fixed the Chinese treaty so that the seceders of California, with Haight and Casserly at their head cannot carry out their intentions of making that commonwealth a Government whose corner stone should be coolie labor.

Mr. Fitch reminded us of another good answer to Casserly and Seymour's charges and innuendoes against Grant by repeating those noble words of his which appear in his letter urging President Johnson not to remove General Sheridan from the command of the Fifth Military District: "This is a government in which the will of the people is the law of the land." He might well have added that if abundant and extravagant promises were to be considered as preferable to reticence, we should still

prefer the pledges of Andrew Johnson to the wise and commendable silence of General Grant. If Mr. Casserly told and meant to be understood as telling the truth in 1861 when he was a Union candidate for Governor of California, he is evidently willing to be considered willing to tell something which is not exactly the "frozen truth;" when he says that the Democracy "never sought by violence to reverse the judgment of the people." Moreover, the Tammany platform flatly denies this position.

Scenery Along the Line of the Central Pacific Railroad.

The San Francisco Times says of DONNER LAKE:

On leaving the Summit tunnel the steam is almost shut off, and the train glides gently and smoothly down the Eastern slope. On emerging from the tunnel the line bears to the right, skirting the terraced slope of Donner Mountain, and in a few moments bringing into view a scene, the beauty of which is almost beyond description. A thousand feet beneath us, on our left hand, lies Donner Lake, hemmed in by mighty hills on every side. Immediately below us is a small area of level plain, dotted with buildings, which seem, in the distance, no larger than tiny models of Swiss cottages sold for mementos. The level sheet of water lies beyond, reflecting in its unruffled surface the huge trees which cover the mountain sides down to its very brink, and through the pure air white columns of steam arise, from a dozen busy saw mills, buried in the dense forest far away. Here and there upon the lake a little boat is seen, but these small craft are almost lost in the extent of the view, and appear no larger than chips, floating lazily. The road here is cut out of the mountain side, and it has been necessary to tunnel the hill extensively. Between the Summit and Coldstream we pass seven tunnels, the shortest of which is 100 feet, and the longest 863 feet in extent. We are descending at the rate of ninety feet the mile, at this time. Now we pass around the mountain, and run along the length of Donner Lake, still far above it. On our right hand the hill rises abruptly, the unmelting snows showing near and clear along its sides. Beautiful cascades leap and dash from the summit, flinging their spray almost into the windows of the cars as we glide past them. At times we come upon the remnants of a great drift, in some hollow below the road. In one place the remains of an avalanche may still be seen. A huge mass of snow, many feet in thickness, buried under a superincumbent stratum of earth and trees. Protected thus from the sun's heat, it has not melted, nor will it melt, but there remain until next winter's snows arrive, to refresh and restore its purity. On the lower side of the hill we pass many huts and shanties; rude structures, built of boughs and fern branches, and loosely covered in with thin boards. These are the camps of the loggers and working parties, who swarm along this portion of the road, and whose axes are busy from dawn to sunset, cutting ties for the line that is rushing eastward far in advance. Still descending, we pass Coldstream, 6,250 feet above the sea, and presently arrive at Truckee, on the river of that name, at the foot of Donner Valley, 119 miles from Sacramento, and 5,350 feet high.

THE TRUCKEE VALLEY.

The village of Truckee is most charmingly situated at the eastern end of Donner Lake, on a comparatively level space, amid heavy timber. A large number of sawmills are in full work in the neighborhood, and the warm air vibrates with the slumberous hum of the machinery. The Truckee river here comes into view, and it is through the gorge in the mountains which it has worn that the road passes, thus escaping the second summit of the Sierras. The Truckee, from the time where we make its acquaintance first, is a turbulent little river, and bears no affinity to its muddy brethren on the western side of the mountains. The American river, seen from a distance, resembles a yellow snake, winding its way through the green meadows; but the Truckee's waters are pure and limpid, and it dashes sparklingly over a rocky bed, breaking ever and anon into flashes of white foam, and eddying and circling in hot haste about the black rocks that obstruct its course.

We follow the Truckee now into its Meadows, an extensive plain, abounding in good pasture and verdant with tall grasses. After passing a small station called Boca, we enter two more tunnels, the last on the line. These are respectively 168 and 92 feet in length. As we proceed, the country, which has for a short distance been almost agricultural in its aspect, begins to change again, and gradually assumes a rockier and more sterile appearance. Still, in the immediate vicinity of the river is pleasant enough, and at times we come upon parties of loggers endeavoring to raft timber down the rapid stream. This, with such a river as the Truckee, is no easy task, and the hardy men who attempt it, risk, and sometimes lose, their lives, being carried from their footing, whirled away, and sucked under by the swift current.

THE SAGE BRUSH.

We have passed, in company with the brawling, rushing, fuming Truckee, through pleasant meadows, where the heavy grass grows green and thick; over rocky pastures, between which the stream dashes noisily, hurling its waters angrily against the crazy sides; by the margin of barren places where the trees grow dwarfed and stunted, as if depressed too much by the melancholy silence and dreariness of their surroundings, to take root heartily, or push their branches forth with any life or vigor. We have glided through long lines of low rolling hills, on the sides of which no green thing shows itself, and upon which no human habitation can be seen. And so we come to Verdi, 143 miles from Sacramento, and the last station where we shall desert anything pleasant or beautiful. Thence we roll onward through a country that becomes drier and more depressing at every mile. The river itself, so sparkling and brilliant, so erratic and lively, but now, has caught the tone of gloom which pervades the district, and moves sullenly between low and marshy banks. The bright and variously hued flowers which erstwhile decked its margin, and lent a charm to the picturesque scenery which its waters vivified, have given place to beds of tall rushes, which spot the banks like leopards' blotches, and waving slowly in the lazy air, seem to add to the despondency of the region. Soon

we arrive upon a level plain, extending far away to where the Washoe hills rear their gray altitude in somber solitude, and bearing no trace of vegetation other than the dusty blue sage brush, whose monotonous bunches alone hide the sterile sands. Sage brush to the right, sage brush to the left, sage brush to the front, sage brush to the rear. Land and rocks and sage brush and water make up the landscape. The river is true, still rolls beside the road, but it is the only moving feature in the desolate. No hut of workman, no ranch of farmer, no browsing cattle, no cultivated fields; nothing but the burning sun and the burning sand; the slowly rolling river, left of its every beauty, and the distant, barren hills. Through such a region we pass on, none too quickly, though the engineer should pile every available pound of fuel upon the engine fires, and arrive presently at Reno, distant from Sacramento 154 miles, and 4,530 feet above the tide level.

RENO.

Reno is situated in the middle of a frightful plain, destitute of any feature of beauty or picturesque. It is one of those mushroom towns that seem to spring up in a single night, like Aladdin's Palace, and from the nature of its elements its sudden evanishment would be scarcely matter for surprise. In the language of its inhabitants, it is "quite a place," and if it lacks age and stability, it makes up for them in exuberant vitality. Its streets are composed of frame buildings, knocked together for the most part as hastily as though they were accessories to a traveling circus. It has more than a fair proportion of groceries, and dance-houses; and it drives a very lively business in the gambling way. Its population comprises an immoderate share of "sports," from the snave and "high toned" gambler, arily lounging in snow white trousers and coat, and spotted, delicately plaited shirt, front with broad-brimmed Panama hat and fragrant cigar, to the disreputable and hanging looser sharper, beneath whose short and frayed coat tails the muzzle of a revolver protrudes threateningly, and whose fierce eyes and bloated face proclaim that he is either ready to take a drink or to cut a throat. Women, whose gay dresses are not needed to designate their shameful business, stroll through the sandy streets with an abandon which is only to be met with in such semi-civilized places; Plute Indians loaf about, accompanied by their heavy and degraded looking squaws, who carry their juvenile incurances packed neatly in small parcels and slung upon their broad backs, whence they can form their own opinions of society. Expressmen hurry up and down in the broiling sun, and fling packages, trunks and boxes about, with feverish energy, and the engines and trains of the Company glide back and forth upon the sidings in apparently inextinguishable confusion, while the station master screams himself hoarse, and perspires himself thin. There is no such thing as rest to be had in Reno. The tavern keepers do not think it worth their while to provide anything like decent sleeping accommodations for travelers, for nobody comes there save to make money, and when a man is bent upon business, what does it signify where he sleeps? So people rush into Reno and gobble up whatever fuel in the shape of meals they can get; and never grumble, and drink bad whisky without a murmur, and doze on chairs, or make their bones ache by lying on boards, and rush away again, by rail or stage, and Reno cares nothing, but swelters on in the broiling sun, while all the day the sharp tapping of hammers and grating of saws accompanies the erection of new buildings and all the night the fiddles go, and the glasses clink, and the general hurry and bustle is brought to a climax now and then by a lively shooting affray. Somebody, perhaps, is killed or maimed in the row. Well, it is only "Four-see Dick," or "Jack the Swearer," or somebody else with a nickname that has taken the place of a patronymic. Only some adventurer, not too particular as to the character of his ventures, who has "pegged out." It may be that, a couple of thousand miles away, some weary heart is waiting anxiously for news of him, or that some home is being prepared for his anticipated return. No matter! Busy Reno has no concern with the fate, present, past or future, of any one of her motley population. She is on the railroad, and has a "big thing;" and she is bent upon making her pile with what speed she can command; and the pace of Reno is by no means contemptible.

TO WADSWORTH.

Away from Reno, and out again into the sage brush, past a long line of low hills and into another dreary plain—a plain so monotonous and hot, so sandy and so silent, that but for the deeply desiccated Truckee, rolling in melancholy sullenness at our feet, we might become the victims of hypochondria. A few changes in the line of road are pleasant, even though it be only from sand and sage brush to red rock and burnt clay, the variety is agreeable. But there are not many such changes, and after thirty miles of misery we stop at Wadsworth, which is the farthest station to which, as yet, passenger trains have been run. Wadsworth is 187 miles from Sacramento, and it never could have had an existence but for the railroad. Whether it should have had one at all, may be disputed, for it is the ugliest place on the whole line. It consists of three streets of wooden houses, built on the circumference of a circle. It has several taverns, an express office, and any quantity of sand all round it. But even here, buildings are being erected with a rapidity which looks as if the carpenters were afraid that, before they got the roofs on, the railroad would have left them so far behind that they would lose the fruits of their labor. There is a tremendous bustle of trains, loaded with freight, leaving for the front, and empty cars returning to be filled, and engines shrieking, and backing here, and hauling there, until one is deafened with the clamor. As we have said, the passenger trains go no farther than Wadsworth. But we intend to go "the front," which is fifty miles ahead, beyond the Humboldt Desert, and we must watch our chance to get a passage upon one of the construction trains. Every body at Wadsworth calls going to the end of the line going to the front, and what with the noise and bustle, the hurry, the apparent confusion, the masses of material that are constantly passing to and fro, the energy and activity that appear on every hand, it certainly does seem as if a campaign were being conducted in the vicinity, and this was the base of operations. How that campaign is carried on, and in what manner the army "at the front" is comporting itself, we will relate in our next article.

SEVEN smart Lowell girls went to Europe alone some time ago, traveled all over the continent, and two of them in the time found husbands and settled down for life.

NEW TO-DAY.

NOTICE.

A MEETING OF THE CARSON CITY TURN-VEREIN will be held THIS EVENING.

Thursday, August 27, at 8 P. M.

All the Members of the Society are requested to attend, as business of importance will come before the meeting.

JACOB TOBRINER, President.

L. MANUELSEN, Secretary.

THE GREAT ROYAL

HA-YAH-TA-KEE

Japanese Troupe,

From the Great Dragon Theater, Canton—completing the most wonderful Troupe of

Aerobatic Jongleurs & Equilibrists

IN THE WORLD.

WILL APPEAR AT THE CARSON THEATRE.

—ON—

Monday, August 31st, 1868.

YAH-YAH-SHANG-HEO.

The most wonderful Double Limb and Triple Equilibrist, who can stand on his hands.

KAMA-KI-SHIE.

The great Siamese twin who can stand on his head, and who can stand on his hands.

TRIPLE LADDER ACT.

BALANCED ON THE FEET OF A GIRL—ONE.

JE RICHIE.

On a Ladder of Sharp Swords.

TO KICHI.

Balancing a Girl and Boy on Screen.

TOLAN-SHIE.

Great Black Rope Performer.

KUMA-SHIE.

Bamboo Pole Tightrope.

OSASHI.

The Beautiful Oriental Japanese Lady and Ring.

YOSHIO.

The Infant Japanese Clown—Four Years Old.

USHIMATZ.

The Spinning on the Head of a Horse, which can cross the Street on a String.

HA-YAH-TA-KEE.

The astounding Butterfly Trick.

JEHIMATZ.

The wonderful Dig-Tail Spinning.

USHIMATZ.

Great Rope and Tree Performance.

BOH-GOH.

The Oriental Beggar.

MEYAR-FREESTONE.

The wonderful Peasantry.

SENDAO-BUNGA.

The Dwarf & Strong Performer.

Admission.....One Dollar.

and Children Half Price.

1868 SPRING! 1868

NEW

SPRING GOODS!

—OF THE—

LATEST

DESCRIPTIONS!

JUST

OPENED!

—AT—

OLCOVICH BROS.

LADIES ARE

RESPECTFULLY INVITED.

Carson City, March 22, 1868.

C. W. FRIEDMAN.

—DEALER IN—

Cigars & Tobacco.

STATIONERY, &c.

Carson street, 3 doors south of City Buildings.

CARSON CITY, NEVADA

He keeps the best brands of Havana

Cigars, also Fine Tobacco, &c.

WATCHES

Glenned and Repaired.

Gold and Silver Ware of every description made

and repaired.

Particular attention paid to Engraving and

Enameling Jewelry, &c.

my 14-15 C. W. FRIEDMAN, Carson Street.

A GRAND BALL

WILL BE GIVEN AT THE

YELLOW JACKET HOUSE,

EMPIRE CITY,

—ON—

Saturday Evening, Sept. 5, 1868.

TICKETS, - \$2 00

M. BARRONS,

Proprietor Yellow Jacket House.

Empire, August 21, 1868.

MAGNOLIA SALOON

COUNTY BUILDING.

Carson City,.....Nevada

GEORGE LEWIS. MILES REESE.

LEWIS & REESE

PROPRIETORS.

THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE TAKE

notice that they have thoroughly

refitted and refurnished their

Splendid Saloon.

Where they keep constantly on hand the Best

Quality and Finest Brands of

LIQUORS AND CIGARS

—All the choicest bottled liquors will be found

at this Saloon, &c.

BRANDIES.—Old, Dupuy & Co., Cognac

and Proprietors.

WHISKIES.—Old, Dupuy and Co., Cognac

and Proprietors.

CHAMPAGNES.—Sapoleon, Colnet, Green

Sol, Imperial, Colnet, Cognac, Cognac and Field

and Proprietors.

HAVANA CIGARS.

ALL THE BEST BRANDS

—The Saloon is the most complete

plate of the kind in the state.

—Sincerely yours,

J. H. BARRON.

JONES & MATHER,

Carpenters and Contractors

A. H. PREPARED TO DO ALL WORK

Workmanlike Manner.

We also have all the necessary material for

MOVING BUILDINGS.

JOBING DONE WITH DISPATCH

—Sincerely yours,

J. H. BARRON.

RAILROAD LANDS

IN NEVADA.

T. D. EDWARDS

CARSON CITY, NEVADA.

Agent and Attorney for the Central

Pacific Railroad Company

for their Lands in the

State of Nevada.

—Sincerely yours,

J. H. BARRON.

Sweeney's Building, Carson City

Nevada.

Carson City, June 24, 1868.

FALL MEETING

—OF THE—

CARSON CITY JOCKEY CLUB

The Carson City Jockey Club announces the fall

meeting of the club to be held at Carson City, Nevada

which is to be held at the Carson City Jockey

Club on the 1st of September, 1868.

1ST OF SEPTEMBER, 1868.

RUNNING RACE.—FIRST DAY.

—OF THE—

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1868.

—Sincerely yours,

J. H. BARRON.

Purse of Two Hundred Dollars.

Entrance money, 25 cents for all horses

which are to enter and two or more to start.

SECOND DAY'S RACING:

Wednesday, September 2, 1868.

—Sincerely yours,

J. H. BARRON.

Purse of Two Hundred Dollars.

Entrance money, 25 cents for all horses

which are to enter and two or more to start.

THIRD DAY'S RACING:

Thursday, September 3, 1868.

—Sincerely yours,

J. H. BARRON.

Purse of Two Hundred Dollars.

Entrance money, 25 cents for all horses

which are to enter and two or more to start.

FOURTH DAY:

Friday, September 4, 1868.

—Sincerely yours,

J. H. BARRON.

Purse of Two Hundred Dollars.

Entrance money, 25 cents for all horses

which are to enter and two or more to start.

SAME DAY:

—Sincerely yours,

J. H. BARRON.

Peel Purse.

Twenty dollars entrance fee added to the Purse

three horses to enter and two or more to start.

ENTRIES:

All Entries for the above Races to be made by